

## The Tragedie

*King.* March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,  
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,  
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,  
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond  
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

*King.* Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,  
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

*Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.*

*Dar.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,  
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,  
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,  
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,  
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,  
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Christ.* At Pembroke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

*Dar.* What men of name resort to him?

*S. Christ.* Syr Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,  
Syr Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.

With many moe of noble fame and worth,  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,  
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented  
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,  
These Letters will resoluë him of my minde,  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Buckingham to execution.*

*Buc.* Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

*Rat.* No my Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buc.* Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,  
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,  
Vangham, and all that haue miscarried,  
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice.

of Richa

If that your moodie discontent  
Do through the cloudes behold  
Euen for reuenge, mocke my d  
This is Allsoules day fellows,

*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*Buc.* Why then Allsoules day  
This is the day, that in king Ed  
I wisht might fall on me, when  
False to his children, or his wi  
This is the day wherein I wisht  
By the false faith of him I trust  
This, this Allsoules day, to my  
Is the determined respite of my  
That high all-seer that I dallied  
Hath turnd my fained praier on  
And giuen in earnest what I beg  
Thus doeth he force the sward  
To turne their points on their n  
Now Margarets curse is fallen v  
When he quoth she, shall split th  
Remember Margaret was a Prop  
Come sirs, conuey me to the bl  
Wrong hath bur wrong; and bl

*Enter Richmond with*

*Rich.* Fellowe in armes, and  
Build vnderneath the yoke of  
Thus farre into the bowels of th  
Hauē we marcht on without im  
And here receiue we from our F  
Lines of faire comfort, and enco  
The wretched, bloudie, and vsur  
That spoild your sommer field  
Swills your warme blood like wa  
In your inboweld bosomes, this  
Lies now euen in the center of th  
Neare to the towne of Leycester  
From Tamworth thither, is but  
In Gods name cheare on, courag  
To scape the haruest of perpetu